

Sparks Will Fly

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Summary: It's time for Scorpius Malfoy to go to Hogwarts? Sounds pretty simple, right? Wrong! Scorpius's dad says he doesn't care which House Scorpius is in, but does he really meant it? Will he care who Scorpius makes friends with? There are a lot of unanswered question for Scorpius, but one thing is clear: this is going to be no easy ride... Post DH. Please R&R!

Sparks Will Fly

My name's Scorpius Hyperion Malfoy. It's a weird name, I know, but I kind of like it. Anyway...

Today I start at Hogwarts! I am so excited!

"Scorpius!" Mum calls. "We have to leave now or we'll miss the train. Aunt Daphne and your cousin Artemis are here too!" On my way downstairs, I pause and knock on the door of Dad's study.

"You're off, then?" he asks, before hugging me quickly. He places his hands on my shoulders. "Scorpius, you do know that some people are going to put you down because you're a Malfoy, don't you?" I nod, and Dad continues. "And I don't care if you make friends with the Potters and the Weasleys, I don't care if you get put in Gryffindor, or anything that's not Slytherin. Mum and I don't care, okay? If you're not in Slytherin, I promise I won't let your grandfather hurt you, okay?" I nod again.

"I love you," I say. "Will I come home for Christmas?"

"Maybe," Dad says. "I might have to go on a business trip, or you might want to stay at one of your new friend's. Have a think, and so will I."

Platform 9 and 3/4 is bustling, alive with parents bidding children goodbye, students hugging, younger siblings crying, cats and owls

hooting and hissing. My third-year cousin Artemis hugs her mum goodbye, promises she'll look after me, grabs her trunk and owl and boards the train. Hmmm. I don't think I want such a bossy cousin looking after me, but it doesn't look like I've got a choice.

"Bye, darling!" says Mum, helping me onto the train and pushing my trunk and handsome tawny owl, Godric (Grandfather Malfoy was not best please with this name!) on after me. "Be good, don't get into trouble if you can help it, watch out for Peeves, don't duel anyone until you've learned how..." Mum's voice fades into meaningless nonsense as I watch a small, black haired boy lean out of a compartment window nearby. I grin distractedly as his red-head mother says, "Al, you've got dirt on your nose." She attempts to attack his turned up, crooked, freckled nose, but he darts out of the way.

"Mum... get off!" he squeals. A man who looks so like him he must be the boy's dad, comes forward.

"Be good, Al... Watch out for Peeves... Write if you want anyone to come and stay at Christmas or if you want to stay over a friend's... Don't forget Hagrid's invited you for tea on Friday... For Merlin's \_sake\_, use that map wisely... And remember you can ask the Sorting Hat not to put you in Slytherin if you're really scared..."

"Scorpius!" my mum says sharply. "Bye, darling, see you at Christmas..." She waves as the train chugs off. \_At least she didn't try to attack me with a flannel like that other boy's mum\_, I think, setting off to find a compartment. I spot one filled to the brim with red-heads that looks roomy enough for one more, but they give me such burning glares I tell myself I wouldn't want to sit with them anyway.

Finally, I spot a nearly empty compartment, containing a girl with curly red hair and bright green eyes, who was sprawled across three or four seats, doing the crossword in the \_Daily Prophet\_, and the black haired boy, whose face was hidden behind an upside down edition of the \_Quibbler\_. Slightly odd, but I knock politely even so.

They look startlingly alike. The boy has the same wide-set, almond-shaped green eyes as the girl, but her face is rounder, her mouth slightly bigger, her nose is straight, but apart from that, they look to be brother and sister.

"Err, can I sit here? There's nowhere else," I stammer. The girl looks like she's going to protest, but the boy shoots me a grin.

"Sure," he says. "What's your name? I'm Albus Severus Potter, but you can call me Al." Uh-oh. I groan inwardly. Of all the compartments to choose, I had to pick the one containing Harry Potter's son. \_Smooth, Scorpius\_.

"Oh, I'm Scorpius, Scorpius Malfoy," I say. Albus nods, but doesn't say anything. The girl looks like she wants to say, '\_I told you so\_', \_but she doesn't, and introduces herself as Rose Nymphadora Weasley instead. They seem friendly enough, so I sit down and they immediately ask me which Quidditch team I support.

"I like the Wimbourne Wasps," I say.

"Cool," says Albus. "I like the Holyhead Harpies, my mum used to play for them."

"I like them too!" says Rose. "Hey, Scorpius, did you know the Wimbourne Wasps got their name because, once a Beater on the Wasps hit a wasps nest towards the Appleby Arrows Seeker, who was so badly hurt he had to retire from the match!" We grin together, and all lingering coldness melts away.

End  
file.